

MELOPEIA SACRA

or a Collection of

PSALMS *and* HYMNS

BY

M^r. Addison and S^r. John

Denham &c.

Set to Musick

In a new Method

BY

Andrew Rorer Gent

SECOND VOLUME .

A T A B L E O F T H E H Y M N S and P S A L M S *Contain'd in the SECOND VOLUME.*

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O Lord, receive my doleful Cries.	1
Lord, why art thou from us so far.	5
Ye who from Earth, your Mother, spring.	9
Why should the Wicked's Joy perplex.	13
<i>N. B. This Aria may be sung by a single Voice.</i>	
To <i>Israel</i> sure our God is kind.	17
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Ye Saints, in your Assemblies raise.	21
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My Soul to God, her Lord and King	25
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<i>N. B. This Aria may be also sung by a single Voice.</i>	

Note. *The introducing Bases of the following Songs are to be play'd but once, viz. before the first Verse of every Psalm or Hymn.*



The CII. P S A L M.

Translated by Sir JOHN DENHAM.

I.

O Lord, receive my doleful Cries!
 Nor turn thy Face away:
 But look upon my Miseries,
 And hear me when I pray.
 When in my Grief I thee invoke,
 Make me a quick Return:
 For all my Days consume in Smoke,
 My Bones to Ashes burn.

II.

My Heart like wither'd Grass seems dead,
 My Voice is lost in Groans:
 My Flesh consum'd for Want of Bread,
 And I can count my Bones.
 So walks the Pelican distressed,
 The Bird of Night so shrieks:
 So the sad Sparrow from his Nest,
 His lost Companion seeks.

III.

All Day my Foe renews his Threat,
 Against my Life he swears:
 Ashes instead of Bread I eat,
 And mix my Drink with Tears.
 Only in Wrath Thou didst me raise,
 To throw me down again;
 I like a Shadow end my Days,
 Like Grass that thirsts for Rain.

IV.

All Ages Thee, O Lord, shall know,
 And ne'er thy Name forget,
 Thy Mercy to thy *Sion* show,
 For Thou the Time hast set.
 Thy Servants love her very Dust,
 Her Ruins they deplore:
 The Heathen then in God shall trust,
 And Kings shall him adore.

V.

When *Sion* from the Dust shall rise,
 Thy Glory shall appear:
 Then shall thou not our Prayers despise,
 But our Complaints shalt hear.
 This after-Ages shall record
 To Nations yet unborn:
 How from high Heaven to Earth our Lord
 His glorious Eye did turn;

VI.

To hear the fetter'd Captive's Prayer,
 And him from Death redeem;
 His Name to worship, and declare
 In high *Jerusalem*.
 But when their solemn Vows to pay
 Th' Assembly did appear;
 My Strength was broken in the Way,
 My Days contracted were.

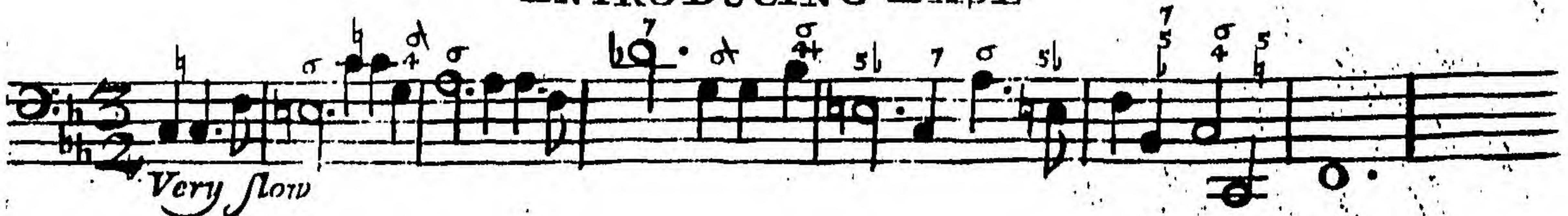
VII.

My Life, said I, Lord, do not end,
 E'er half my Days are past:
 Thy Years for evermore extend,
 Beyond all Time they last.
 The Earth's Foundation thou didst lay,
 Thou didst the Skies unfold.
 Thou shalt endure; they wear away,
 And grow, like Garments, old.

VIII.

Tho' like a Vesture they are chang'd,
 God still the same shall be.
 Thy Children shall not be estrang'd,
 But still confirm'd by Thee.

INTRODUCING BASE



THE CII PSALM

2

Translated by Sir John Denham

Slow

O Lord receive my doleful Cry, nor turn thy Face, nor turn thy Face away, but look upon my Miserys, and hear me, and hear me when I pray. When in my Grief I Thee invoke, make me a quick Return, For all my Days consume in Smoke, my Bones to Ashes burn, my Bones to Ashes burn.

For all my Days consume in Smoke, my Bones to ashes burn, my Bones to Ashes burn.

Turn over to the Ritornel

Slow

for the
FLUTE

Ritornel

Very Slow

This musical score is for a Ritornel, marked "Very Slow". It consists of 12 measures, organized into six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 3/2. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. Ornaments, represented by a sigma symbol (σ), are placed above certain notes in measures 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, and 12. Measure numbers 1 through 12 are written below the first staff of each system. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots in the final measure.

The X. P S A L M.

Translated by Sir JOHN DENHAM.

I.

LORD, why art thou from us so far,
While we in great Afflictions are?
Thy Face from us why dost thou hide,
Chas'd by the Wicked's Rage and Pride?
Let them in those Designs be lost
Themselves have laid, who vainly boast
Their Heart's at Ease, and fill'd with Stores,
Yet covet more which God abhors.

II.

His Countenance is rais'd so high,
His soaring Thoughts ev'n God defy:
He thinks, as far remov'd he is
From God's Regard, as God from his.
Puffs at his Foes, and says, his State
Is safe above the Pow'r of Fate;
With Blasphemy his Mouth is fill'd,
His Tongue in Lies and Mischief skill'd.

III.

And as the watchful Lion lies
In Covert close, his Prey to seize,
He in his lurking Places fits,
'Till o'er the Poor he draws his Nets:
Puts on Humility's Disguise,
'Till the Deceiv'd he can surprize;
Thinks of such Things God takes no Care,
Or they by him forgotten are.

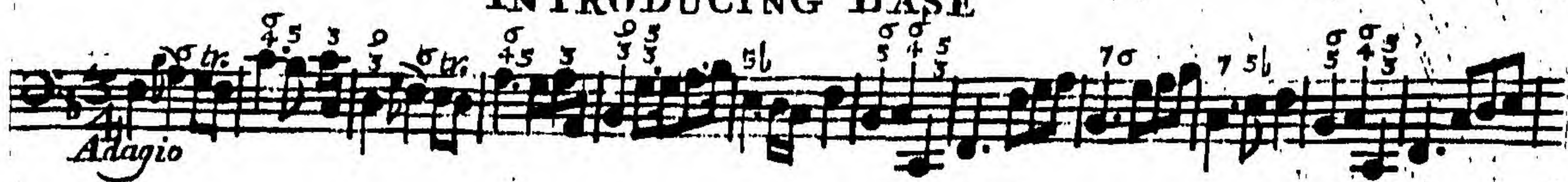
IV.

Lift up thy Hand, O Lord, and rise;
To thee for Aid the humble cries.
The Wicked say, thou mind'st not them;
And in thy Poor, they thee contemn.
But thou behold'st ~~thy~~ ^{their} cruel Spite,
And all their Malice will requite.
To thee the Poor flies in Distress,
And thou wilt help the Fatherless.

V.

Lord, so destroy this wicked Race,
That nor their Name remain, nor Place!
The Heathen of the Land are slain,
But God eternally shall reign.
Prepare our Hearts, and then thy Ear
Freely our humble Cries will hear:
Nor shall the Orphans and Distrest
By Earthly Man be more oppress.

INTRODUCING BASE



THE X PSALM
Translated by Sir John Denham

6

Lord why art thou from us so far, While we in great Affliction
are? Thy Face from us why dost thou hide, Chas'd by the Wick-eds
Rage and Pride? Let them in those Designs be lost, Themselves have
laid Who vainly boast. Their Hearts at Ease and fill'd with stores,
Yet covet more which God abhors. Their Hearts at Ease and
fill'd with stores, Yet co-vet more which God abhors. Yet co-
vet more which God abhors.

Turn over to the Ritornel

7 Ritornel

This musical score is divided into two main sections. The first section, titled "Ritornel", consists of six systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and features various chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines. Fingerings and articulations are indicated throughout. The second section is labeled "for the FLUTE" and contains four systems of music. The first system is a single melodic line for the flute. The subsequent three systems are grand staves, likely for piano accompaniment, featuring complex rhythmic patterns and trills marked with "tr". The score concludes with a double bar line.

The XCVI. P S A L M.

Translated by Sir *JOHN DENHAM*.

I.

YE who from Earth, your Mother, spring,
New Songs to your Creator sing!
His high Salvation, Day to Day,
His Name and Honour shall display.
His Wonders to the People show!
His Glory let the Heathen know!
The Lord is great, and greatly prais'd,
His Pow'r above all Gods is rais'd.

II.

These but from Men their Being take;
Our God did Man and Angels make.
Pow'r, Honour, Majesty Divine,
In his pure Sanctuary shine.
Thro' all the Earth let ev'ry Tribe
Glory and Strength to God ascribe!
His Honour and his Wonders sing,
And to his Courts their Off'rings bring!

III.

In pure and beauteous Holiness,
Let all the World his Fear express.
May to the Heathen this be known,
That the Almighty reigns alone.
Nor shall the Earth's Foundations move,
Till they his righteous Judgments prove,
Then Heaven and Earth shall both rejoice,
And the Ocean join its roaring Voice.

IV.

Then ev'ry Fruit shall joyful be,
Fruits of the Field, and of the Tree.
His Judgments to all Nations come,
Who from his Mouth receive their Doom.

INTRODUCING BASE



THE XCVI PSALM

10

Translated by Sir John Denham

Ye who from Earth your Mother Spring New Songs to your Creator

sing; His high Salvation, Day to Day, His Name and Honour shall display.

His Wonders to the People show, His Glory let the Heathen know; The Lord is

great and greatly prais'd, His Pow'r above all Gods is rais'd. The Lord is great &

greatly prais'd, His Pow'r above all Gods is rais'd. His Pow'r above all Gods is

rais'd. *Turn over to the Ritornel*

for the **FLUTE**

Ritornel.....

This image shows a handwritten musical score for a piano piece, consisting of six systems of staves. Each system typically includes a treble staff and a bass staff, with some systems having an additional middle staff. The notation is in a single key signature (one flat) and common time. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and accidentals. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above or below notes. Dynamic markings such as 'Piano' and 'Forte' are used to indicate changes in volume. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged paper, and the overall style is characteristic of 19th-century musical manuscripts.

The XXXVII. P S A L M.

Translated by Mr. *A D D I S O N.*

I.

WHY shou'd the Wicked's Joy perplex?
Or thee his prosp'rous Greatness vex?
He like the wither'd Herb shall pass,
And be cut down like Summer-Grass.
Trust in the Lord, observe his Will;
This Crop shall Thee with Plenty fill:
And if thy Soul in him delight,
He'll satisfy her Appetite.

II.

To Him thy Purposes present,
Who gives 'em the desir'd Event.
Thy Righteousness shall shine like Day,
Thy Judgment like the Morning Ray.
With Patience wait on God; nor fret
Thy self, that Vice grows rich and great,
From sudden Passions stand exempt,
For they to evil Actions tempt.

III.

The Wicked does so quickly pass,
We neither see the Time, nor Place.
His Place the Righteous shall possess,
And there enjoy abundant Peace.
The Wicked with the Righteous clash,
And their sharp Teeth against them gnash:
But God does at their Follies scoff,
When his quick Vengeance takes them off.

IV.

Their Swords are drawn, their Bows are bent;
All Art's to slay the Innocent.
Their Bows shall break, their Hearts shall feel
The Stroke of their own piercing Steel.
A little with the just goes well,
And shall the Wicked's Wealth excell.

PART II.

V.

God's strength the strong ones Arms shall break,
And his right Hand support the Weak.
The Lord well knows the Upright's Days,
His Heritage for ever stays.
They in ill times no Danger dread,
In Famine they shall want no Bread.
As Flames the Fat of Rams consume,
The Wicked vanish into Fume.

VI.

The Wicked borrows, and deceives;
The merciful both lends, and gives.
Th' Earth by the Just shall be enjoy'd.
While thence the Wicked are destroy'd.
The just Man's Ways are straight and right,
And in his Paths God takes delight.
When good Men fall, they rise again;
For God's strong Hand does them sustain.

VII.

I have been young, and now am old,
Yet never did the Just behold,
No, nor his Race with Want oppress;
His Seed is by his Bounty blest.
Fly from what's ill, what's good approve;
Then rest, for God does Justice love.
The righteous Man for ever lives,
The Wicked's Spoils God to him gives.

VIII.

Wisdom the righteous Tongue imparts,
Because God's Laws has fill'd their Hearts.
They shall not slide or lose their Way,
While them the Wicked seek to slay.
God will redeem them from their Hand;
Nor they, when judg'd, condemn'd shall stand.
On God wait in his Way, and He
Will let thee their Destruction see.

IX.

The Wicked I in Pow'r have seen,
Spread like a Laurel fresh and green:
He past away, and came to nought;
Nor could I find his Place, tho' sought.
The perfect Man I did attend,
Truth was his Way, and Peace his End:
But the Ungodly's overthrown,
In Root and Branch at once cut down.

X.

God gives in time of Trouble Strength,
Safety to holy Men at length:
From wicked Men he saves the Just,
Because in him they put their Trust.

N. B. The xcivth PSALM of Sir *JOHN DENHAM's* Translation may be also sung to the following Aria.
N. B. The Aria may be performed without the singing Base.

THE XXXVII PSALM
Translated by Sir John Denham

14

Why should the Wicked Joy perplex! Or thee his prosperous Greatness

Why should the Wicked Joy perplex! Or thee his prosperous Greatness

vex: He like the wither'd Herb shall pass, & be cut down like Summer Grass. Trust in y^e Lord observe his

vex: He like the wither'd Herb shall pass, & be cut down like Summer Grass. Trust in y^e Lord observe his

will, This Crop shall thee with Plenty fill, and if thy Soul in him delight, He'll sa-tis-fy her appe

will, This Crop shall thee with Plenty fill, and if thy Soul in him delight, He'll sa-tis-fy her appe

-tite, and if thy Soul in him delight, He'll sa-tis-fy her appetite, He'll sa-tis-fy her appetite.

-tite. and if thy Soul in him delight, He'll sa-tis-fy her appetite, He'll sa-tis-fy her appetite.

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

The LXXIII. P S A L M.

Translated by Sir JOHN DENHAM.

I.

TO *Israel*, sure, our God is kind,
Chiefly to such whose Hearts are pure:
Yet from his Path I had declin'd,
And found my Steps were unsecure;
Observing with an envious Eye,
When wicked Men grow rich and high.

II.

They vigorous are with youthful Health,
From Danger and from Death repriev'd;
Live at their Ease, abound with Wealth,
Nor are like their poor Neighbors griev'd;
Girded with Chains of Pride they are,
And Robes of Violence do wear.

III.

Their Eyes with pamper'd Fatness swell,
They swim and leap in Pleasure's Stream;
Their Boasts of Vice to others tell,
And braving God himself, blaspheme:
Inspir'd from Hell, 'gainst Heaven they talk,
And thro' the World their Maxims walk.

IV.

These Arts the People to 'em draw,
Their Cups are full, the Liquor strong;
As if God neither heard nor saw,
Nor such low Cares to him belong:
Such are th' Ungodly, yet in Peace
They live, and in their Wealth increase.

V.

Then I in vain have cleans'd my Heart,
And wash'd in Innocence my Hands;
For all the Day I feel the Smart,
My Soul each Morning chasten'd stands;
Till I almost became like them:
But then thy Children I condemn.

VI.

This Secret long I sought to know,
But 'twas (alas!) too high for me;
Till to thy Temple I did go,
And now their fatal End I see:
In slippery Stations they are plac'd,
And thence into Destruction cast.

VII.

How swiftly does their Vengeance fly!
They in a Moment's Space are slain;
In such a fearful State they die,
That not their Image does remain:
And they to us no other seem,
Than, to a Man awak'd, his Dream.

VIII.

How did it strike my foolish Heart!
I like a Beast confus'd did stand,
Till I descry'd the better Part,
Supported by thy gracious Hand:
With me thy Counsels shall abide,
And to eternal Glory guide.

IX.

What can the Heav'ns to thee compare,
Or Earth, if thou should'st thence depart?
My Heart and Flesh both languid are,
But thou my lasting Portion art.
Let me, my God, by thee stand fast,
For all my Trust in thee is plac'd.

X.

Who other Gods for thee mistake,
Thy Honour they adulterate;
Whoe'er thy Worship do forsake,
Shall their sad Doom participate.
To God my Trust I will draw near,
And in his Courts with Praise appear.

INTRODUCING BASE



THE LXXIII PSALM

18

Translated by Sir John Denham

To Isr'el sure, our God is kind, Chiefly to such whose Hearts are pure, Yet

from his Paths I had declin'd and found my Steps were unsecure, observing

with an Envious Eye, when wicked Men grow rich and high. observing with an

Envious Eye, when wicked Men grow rich and high. when wicked Men grow

rich and high, when wicked Men grow rich and high.

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

Ritornel

Musical score for a Ritornel, page 19. The score is written for piano accompaniment, featuring three systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 3/4. The first system includes fingering numbers (sigma, 7, #, 5, sigma, 7, #, sigma, 7) and dynamic markings (f, ff). The second system includes fingering numbers (7, 7 sigma, 7, 7, sigma, 5, 4, sigma, 5, sigma, 5, 4, 3, sigma, 5, 4, 5b). The third system includes fingering numbers (#, sigma, 7, sigma, sigma, 5, #, #, 4, 2, sigma) and dynamic markings (f, ff). The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

The XLVII. and CXLIX. PSALMS.

Translated by Sir JOHN DENHAM.

I.

O Clap your Hands with one accord!
Praise with melodious Notes the Lord!
With Terror he the World commands.
He only gives us Victory,
Under our Feet the Nations lie,
And *Israel* shall divide their Lands.

II.

Jacob He loves, and will advance,
And set out his Inheritance.
Ascending He in Triumph sits:
With Trumpets to our King rejoice,
With Understanding raise your Voice;
To his Commands the World submits.

III

Exalted on his sacred Throne,
He o'er the Heathen reigns alone:
And now the Peoples Leaders yield,
With those of *Abraham's* God to join;
Whose Glory rais'd on high does shine,
And guards the World as with a Shield.

I.

YE Saints, in your Assemblies raise
Your Voice to God, new Songs to sing;
Let *Israel* his Creator praise,
And *Sion* magnify her King.
With chearful Timbrels let them dance,
And with their Harps his Praise advance.

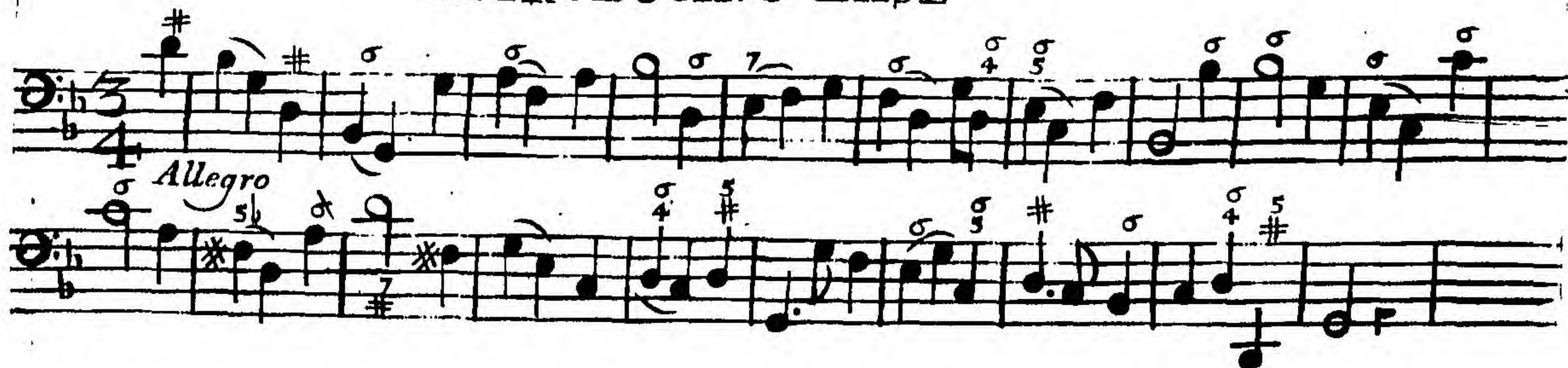
II.

God's People are his Joy, the Meek
With his Salvation shall be crown'd:
Then let his Saints his Favour seek,
And on their Beds his Name resound.
Their Mouths shall with his Praise be fill'd,
Their Hands a two-edg'd Sword shall wield,

III.

The Heathen Nations to confound.
In Chains he leads their Captive Kings;
Their Lords in Iron Fetters bound,
Before his Judgment-Seat he brings.
Such Honour, in his sacred Word,
God gives his Saints. *Praise ye the Lord.*

INTRODUCING BASE



THE XLVII PSALM
Translated by Sir John Denham

22

O Clap your Hands with one Accord, Praise with Melodious Notes y^e Lord.

With Terrors he the World Commands, he on ly gives us Vic-tory, Under our

Feet the Nations lie, and Isr'el shall divide their Lands. Under our Feet y^e

Nations lie, and Isr'el shall divide their Lands, and Isr'el shall di-

-vide their Lands

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

Ritornel

Handwritten musical score for a Ritornel, page 23. The score is written on ten staves, grouped into five systems of two staves each. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like 'ff' (fortissimo). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. Some notes are marked with an asterisk (*). The piece concludes with a double bar line on the final staff.

THE CXVII PSALM

24

Translated by Sir John Denham

Vivace

Introducing Basse

To God let all, the Nations raise,

their chearfull voice and sing, and sing his Praise. their chearfull

voice and sing, and sing his Praise. His tender Mercy and his Love are

sure, his truth for ever, for ever shall endure. his tender Mercy

and his Love are sure, his truth for ever, his truth for ever, his truth for

ver shall endure for e- ver shall endure for e- ver shall endure.

his kindness to us we'll record, and will for e- ver for ever praise the Lord for

ver praise the Lord for e- ver praise y Lord. In God let

N.B. This Aria may be Play'd upon any Instrument instead of a Ritornel

Da Capo al Segno

The CXLVI. P S A L M.

Translated by Sir JOHN DENHAM.

I.

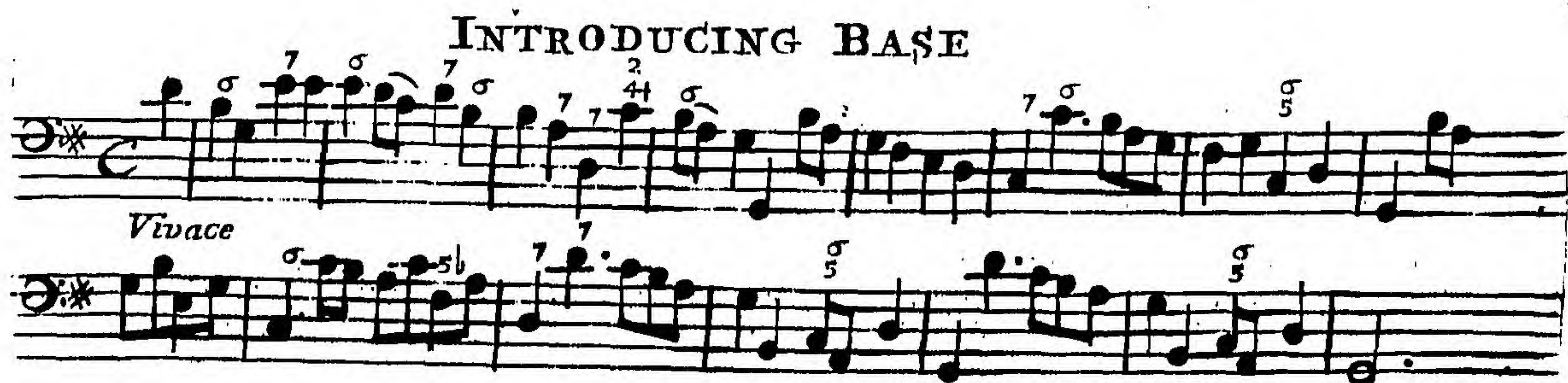
MY Soul to God, her Lord and King,
 Whilst she has Life, shall sing;
 Thy Trust, in none of human Race,
 No not in Princes place.
 For when these shall to Dust retire,
 Their baffled Thoughts with them expire:
 But he whose Hope on God does rest,
 Shall be for ever blest.

II.

God is by Heaven and Earth ador'd,
 Because he keeps his Word;
 His Mercy still relieves th' Opprest,
 And does the Hungry feast.
 He to the blind restores his Eyes,
 The strongest Captive's Bands unties:
 The Poor he raises from the Dust,
 And ever loves the Just:

III.

He Stranger, Widows, Fatherless,
 Redeems from sad Distress;
 But Sinners, in their Ways o'erthrown,
 He will turn upside down.
 In *Sion* God will still remain,
 And there for ever, ever reign:
 Praise him who does in *Sion* dwell,
 And all his Wonders tell.



THE CXLVI PSALM
Translated by Sir John Denham

26

My Soul to God, her Lord and King, Whilst she has Life shall sing: Thy

Trust in none of Human Race, No not in Princes place. For when these

shall to Dust retire, Their baffled Thoughts with them expire: But

he whose Hope on God does rest, shall be for ever blest, shall be for ever

Piano

blest shall be for ever blest

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

Ritornel

The musical score is titled "Ritornel" and is numbered 27. It consists of multiple systems of staves, each system containing a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals. Dynamic markings are present throughout, including "Piano", "Forte", and "P.P.". Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1 through 5. The score concludes with a double bar line and a final key signature change to one flat (Bb).

Dynamic markings: *Piano*, *Forte*, *P.P.*

Fingerings: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10

Accidentals: #, b

Key signature: F# (initially), Bb (finally)

Time signature: C

A H Y M N on Gratitude.

The Words by Mr. *A D D I S O N*.

I.

When all thy Mercies, O my God,
My rising Soul surveys;
Transported with the View; I'm lost
In Wonder, Love, and Praise:
O how shall Words with equal Warmth
The Gratitude declare
That glows within my Ravish'd Heart!
But thou canst read it there.

II.

Thy Providence my Life sustain'd
And all my Wants redrest,
When in the silent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breast.
To all my weak Complaints and Cries
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
E're yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in Pray'r.

III.

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul
Thy tender Care bestow'd,
Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd
From whom those Comforts flow'd.
When in the slipp'ry Paths of Youth
With heedless Steps I ran,
Thine Arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to Man;

VII.

Through all Eternity to Thee
A joyful Song I'll raise,
For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise.

IV.

Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way,
And through the pleasing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
When worn with Sicknefs oft hast Thou
With Health renew'd my Face,
And when in Sins and Sorrows sunk
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

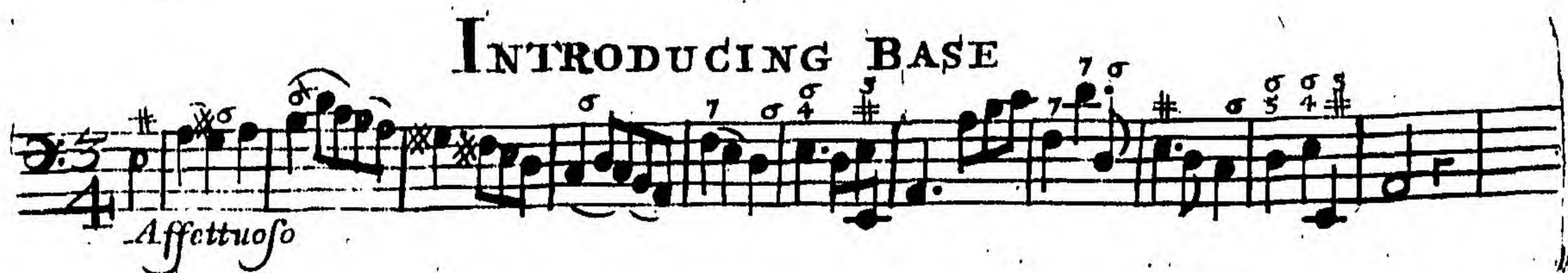
V.

Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Blifs
Has made my Cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful Friend
has doubled all my Store.
Ten thousand thousand precious Gifts
My daily Thanks employ,
Nor is the least a chearful Heart,
That tastes those Gifts with Joy.

VI.

Through ev'ry Period of my Life
Thy Goodness I'll pursue,
And after Death in distant Worlds
The glorious Theme renew.
When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My Ever-grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy shall adore.

N. B. The xxxixth PSALM of Sir *JOHN DENHAM* may be also sung to this Aria.



A HYMN
The Words by M^r Addison

30

When all thy Mercies O my God, My ri-sing Soul surveys: Tri-
-sported with the View I'm lost, in Wonder, Love and Praise. O
how shall Words with e-qual Warmth, the Gra-ti-tude declare: that
glows within my ra-vish'd Heart, but thou canst read it there, that
glows within my ra-vish'd Heart, but thou canst read it there, but
thou canst read it there.

54
32
7

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

Ritornel

The musical score for the Ritornel is written for a grand piano, consisting of four staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes a variety of musical notations, including notes, rests, accidentals, and fingerings. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The score is divided into four systems, each containing two staves. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second system continues the melody and includes a bass clef. The third system features a treble clef and a key signature change to one sharp. The fourth system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

The notation includes various musical symbols, such as notes, rests, accidentals, and fingerings. The piece is marked with a variety of dynamics, including *ff* (fortissimo) and *f* (forte). The score is written in a clear, legible style, with a focus on the melodic and harmonic development of the piece.

The XXIII. P S A L M.

A P A S T O R A L H Y M N.

The Words by Mr. *A D D I S O N*.

I.

THE Lord my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care:
His Presence shall my Wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye:
My Noon-day Walks he shall attend,
And all my Midnight Hours defend.

II.

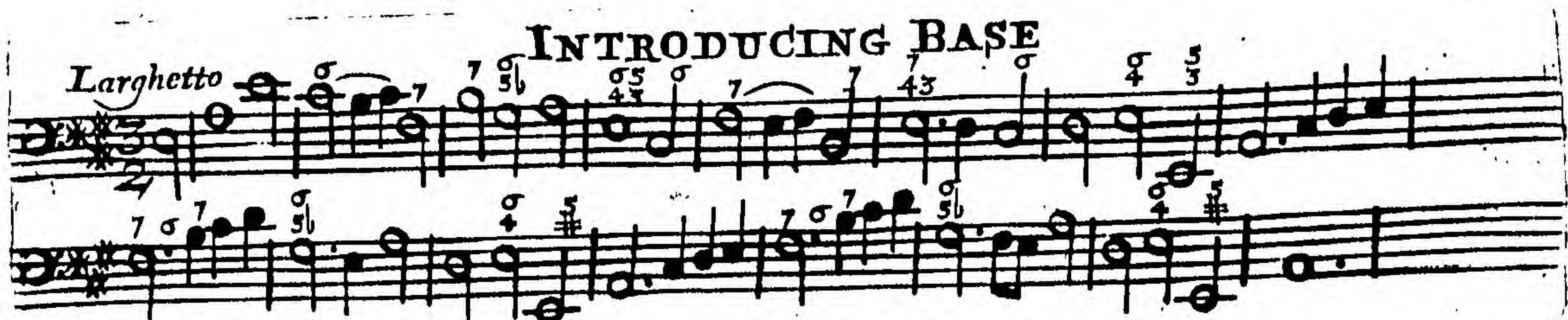
When in the sultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty Mountain pant;
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads,
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads;
Where peaceful Rivers soft and flow,
Amid the verdant Landskip flow,

III.

Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors over-spread;
My steadfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Through devious lonely Wilds I stray,
Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile:
The barren Wilderness shall smile
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams shall murmur all around.



THE XXIII PSALM
A Pastoral Hymn by M^r Addison

34

The Lord my Pa - sture shall prepare, and feed me with a
Shep - herds Care. His Pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply, and
guard me with a watch - full Eye, my Noon day Walks he
will at - tend, and all my Mid - night Hours de - fend.
and all my Mid - night Hours de - fend.
Turn over to y^e Ritornel
for the
FLUTE

Ritornel

The musical score is divided into four systems. The first two systems are piano accompaniment, and the last two are single melodic lines. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings.

System 1 (Piano Accompaniment): The right hand (RH) and left hand (LH) both play a series of eighth notes. The RH starts on D4 and ascends to A4, while the LH starts on D3 and ascends to A3. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4.

System 2 (Piano Accompaniment): The RH and LH continue the eighth-note pattern. The RH starts on A4 and descends to D4, while the LH starts on A3 and descends to D3. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4.

System 3 (Single Melodic Line): The RH plays a series of eighth notes. The RH starts on D4 and ascends to A4, while the LH starts on D3 and ascends to A3. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4.

System 4 (Single Melodic Line): The RH and LH both play a series of eighth notes. The RH starts on D4 and ascends to A4, while the LH starts on D3 and ascends to A3. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4.

The CIII. P S A L M.

Translated by Sir JOHN DENHAM.

I.

MY Soul, with all thy Facultys
 Rejoice, and magnify the Lord:
 Thine, and my Body's Maladys,
 His healing hand to Health restor'd.
 He has redeem'd me from the Dead,
 His Love and Mercy crown'd my Head.

II.

His Daintys sute our Appetites,
 Our Youth, as th' Eagle's, he renews:
 He the Oppress'd with Justice rights,
 Th' Oppressor his Revenge pursues.
 His Ways to *Moses* once were shown,
 His mighty Acts to *Israel* known.

III.

His plenteous Mercys long abide,
 And his short Anger he retards:
 Nor does he always frown or chide,
 Nor like our Sins are our Rewards.
 As far as Heaven o'er Earth extends,
 So far his Grace our Crimes transcends.

IV.

As far from us has he remov'd
 Our pardon'd Sins, as East from West.
 As Children by their Father lov'd;
 So they who fear his Name are blest.
 For He our Frailty knows, who must
 Return, from whence we came, to Dust.

V.

Man's Days are like a Flow'r or Grass,
 Which smitten by the blasting Wind,
 Within an Hour to nothing pass,
 Neither the Thing or Place we find.
 But all his Children, and their Race,
 His lasting Mercy shall embrace.

VI.

For such as have obey'd his Will,
 Celestial Thrones He does prepare:
 Angels, who his Commands fulfil,
 Ye heavenly Hosts his Praise declare.
 Let all his Works his Power express,
 And Thou, my Soul, thy Maker bless.



THE CIII PSALM
Translated by Sir John Denham

38

My Soul, with all thy Facultys, Rejoyce and magnify the Lord: Shine, and my Body's

Maladys, His healing Hand to Health restor'd. He has redeem'd me from the

Dead, His Love and Mercy Crown'd my Head. He has re-deem'd me

from the Dead, His Love and Mercy Crown'd my Head. His Love and Mercy

Piano
Crown'd my Head, His Love and mercy Crown'd my Head.

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

Piano

Handwritten musical score for a piece in D major, 3/4 time. The score consists of six systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The fourth system has a treble and bass staff. The fifth system has a treble and bass staff. The sixth system has a treble and bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

The CXXXIX. P S A L M.

Translated by Sir JOHN DENHAM.

I.

LORD, thou my Ways hast searcht and known,
My Rising up, my Sitting down;
To thee are my Conceptions brought,
E'er they are form'd into a Thought.
My idle Words thou dost condemn,
Before my Lips have fashion'd them;
On every Part thy Hand's impos'd;
Behind, before, has me inclos'd.

II.

Such Knowledge is for me too High;
From thee O whither shall I fly!
If up to Heaven, Thou there dost dwell;
And if my Bed I lay in Hell,
I shou'd not scape thy piercing Eye.
If on the Morning's Wings I fly,
Or th' Ocean's untrac'd Paths shou'd tread;
With thy right Hand I shou'd be led.

III.

If I my Head in Night involve,
Thy Light the Darkness wou'd dissolve;
Ev'n Day and Night are but one Name,
For both to Thee appear the same.
Nor Reins nor Heart cou'd Thee escape,
Thou in the Womb my Form didst shape;
So marvelously I was made,
E'en of my self I stand afraid.

IV.

For this, my Soul, which knows so well
Thy wondrous Works, thy Praise shall tell.
My Substance was by Thee survey'd.
When it was first in secret made.
Thy Hand did free, with curious Art,
From Imperfection every part;
And ev'ry Member, which had yet
No Being, in thy Book was writ.

V.

At last, to shew whose Hand it was,
GOD stamp't HIS Image on the Mass.
O how thy Thoughts my Soul delight!
The Summ of them is Infinite.
When I to number them wou'd try,
I find they all Accounts outvy;
I sooner might the Sands explore,
That lie upon the Ocean's Shore:

VI.

Yet they my early Thoughts imploy.
Lord, Thou the Wicked wilt destroy;
Such as blaspheme, and thirst for Blood,
And those whose Counsels thine withstood.
I hated to the last degree
All those, O God, who hated Thee.
Search all my Thoughts; and if they stray
From Thee, be Thou their Guide and Way.

INTRODUCING BASE



THE CXXXIX PSALM

42

Translated by Sir John Denham

Lord thou my Ways hast Searcht and known, my Rising up, my
 sitting down; To thee are my Conceptions brought, E'er they are
 form'd into a Thought. My idle Words thou dost condemn, Before my
 Lips have fashion'd them, On ev'ry Part thy Hand's impos'd; Behind, be-
 fore, has me inclos'd. On ev'ry Part thy Hand's impos'd; Behind, be-
 fore, has me inclos'd. On ev'ry Part thy Hand's impos'd; Behind, be-
 fore, has me inclos'd. Behind, before, has me inclos'd.

Turn over to the Ritornel

Ritornel

43 Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

The VI. P S A L M.

Translated by Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

I.

LORD! not in Wrath my Heart deject,
Nor in thy Fury me correct!
Oh! pity me, for I am weak,
And fear my Bones so bruise'd will break.

II.

How long, O Lord, shall I be griev'd?
Nor my tormented Soul reliev'd?
Return, Return, and ne'er forsake
My Soul, for thy own Mercy's sake!

III.

Of Thee, when dead, no sense we have;
For who can praise Thee in the Grave?
Tir'd with my mid-night Groans, I make
My Bed, with Tears, a briny Lake,

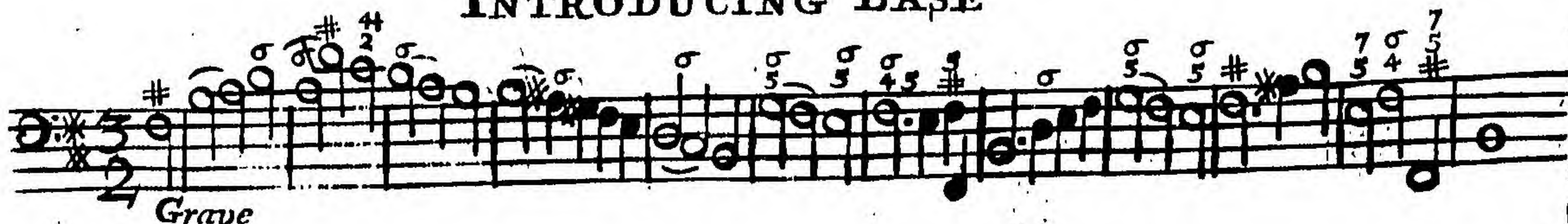
IV.

Where, in my sleep, I seem to swim:
My Eyes with grief grow weak and dim.
Away Profane! The silent Cries
Of humble Tears, God ne'er denies.

V.

The Lord my Supplication hears,
And to my Pray'rs inclines his Ears.
May all my Foes be troubled fore;
And lost in shame, return no more!

INTRODUCING BASE



THE VI PSALM

46

Translated by Sir John Denham

Lord, not in Wrath my Heart deject, nor in thy Fury me correct -

rect, Oh pity me for I am Weak, And fear my Bones so

bruised will break: Oh pi - ty me for I am Weak, and fear my

Bones so bruised will break, and fear my Bones so bruised will

break, and fear my Bones so bruised will break.

Turn over to the Ritornel

for the
FLUTE

Ritornel

Handwritten musical score for a three-part setting of "Nun danket alle Gott" by Johann Sebastian Bach. The score is written on 18 staves, organized into six systems of three staves each. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and figured bass. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs on the final staff.

Part of the CXXXVI PSALM
Translated by Sir John Denham

Introducing Basse

Give thanks to God the Holy one; Give thanks to God who reigns alone.

CHORUS with Instruments

Give thanks to God the Holy one; Give thanks to God who reigns alone.

Give thanks to God the Holy one; Give thanks to God who reigns alone.

Give thanks to God the Holy one; Give thanks to God who reigns alone.

His Mercy is for ever sure, and shall from age to age endure.

His Mercy is for ever sure, and shall from age to age endure.

Vio. 1. mo

His Mercy is for ever sure, and shall from age to age endure.

His Mercy is for ever sure, and shall from age to age endure.

His Mercy is for ever sure, and shall from age to age endure.

Repeat
 Give thanks
 to God
 and end
 with the
 Chorus

his mercy is for ever sure, and shall from age to age endure. *his mercy is for e-ver*

his mercy is for e-ver

his mercy is for e-ver

his mercy is for e-ver

sure, and shall from age to age endure, and shall from age to age endure. *Give thanks*

sure, and shall from age to age endure, and shall from age to age endure. *as before*

sure, and shall from age to age endure. *and shall from age to age endure.* *Give thanks &c as before &c*

After Chorus end with this Stanza

who reigns, — — — who reigns who reigns alone. who reigns, — — — who reigns who reigns alone.

who reigns, — — — who reigns who reigns alone. who reigns, — — — who reigns who reigns alone.

who reigns, who reigns who reigns alone. who reigns, who reigns who reigns alone.

Give Thanks to God of Kings the King,
From whom great Wonders only Spring:
Cho. Give Thanks to God of Kings the King &c.
His Mercy is for ever sure,
And shall from Age to Age endure.

N.B. A Trumpet may play the First Treble
in the Chorus

Give Thanks to God of Kings the King &c
His Mercy is &c
Give Thanks to God the Holy one,
Give Thanks to God who reigns alone.
Chorus Give Thanks to God the Holy one;
Give Thanks to God who reigns alone
Who reigns who reigns alone

THE CXL PSALM

Translated by Sir John Denham

Tutti

Obue

Symphony

Vio.

Tutti

Aria

With

Trumpets sound Gods Holy Name, Gods Pow'r and Glorious works proclaim, your great and lesser

Cymballs ring, let all his Praises sing. your great and lesser Cymballs ring, let all his Praises sing.

Chorus

With Trumpets sound Gods Ho - ly Name, Gods Pow'r and Glorious works proclaim, your great and lesser

With Trumpets sound Gods Pow'r and Glorious works proclaim, your great and lesser

With Trumpets sound Gods works proclaim, your great and lesser

Obue

Vio.

Cymballs ring, let all His Praises sing.

your great & lesser Cymballs ring, let

Cymballs ring, let all His Praises sing.

your great & lesser Cymballs ring, let

Cymballs ring, let all His Praises sing.

let

Obue

all His Praises sing.

your great & lesser Cymballs ring, let all his Praises sing. let all His Praises sing.

all His Praises sing.

your great & lesser Cymballs ring, let all his Praises sing. let all His Praises sing.

all His Praises sing.

your great & lesser Cymballs ring, let all his Praises sing. let all His Praises sing.

To Harp to Lute to Viols dance, Let all who breathe His Praise advance. To Harp to Lute to Viols dance,
 To Harp to Lute to Viols dance Let all who breathe His Praise advance. To Harp to Lute to Viols dance,

With Trumpets sound, with Trumpets sound Let all His Praise advance. To Harp to Lute to Viols dance, Let
 With Trumpets sound Let all His Praise advance. To Harp to Lute to Viols dance, Let
 Let all His Praise advance.

all who breathe His Praise advance. To Harp to Lute to Viols dance, with Trumpets sound, let
 all who breathe His Praise advance. To Harp to Lute to Viols dance, with Trumpets sound, let
 with Trumpets sound, let

all His Praise advance. To With Trumpets sound Let all His Praise advance.
 all His Praise advance. To With Trumpets sound, Let all His Praise advance.
 all His Praise advance. To With Trumpets sound, Let all His Praise advance.

Adagio
 Symphony
 Piano
 Vivace
 2^d Symphony
 Piano